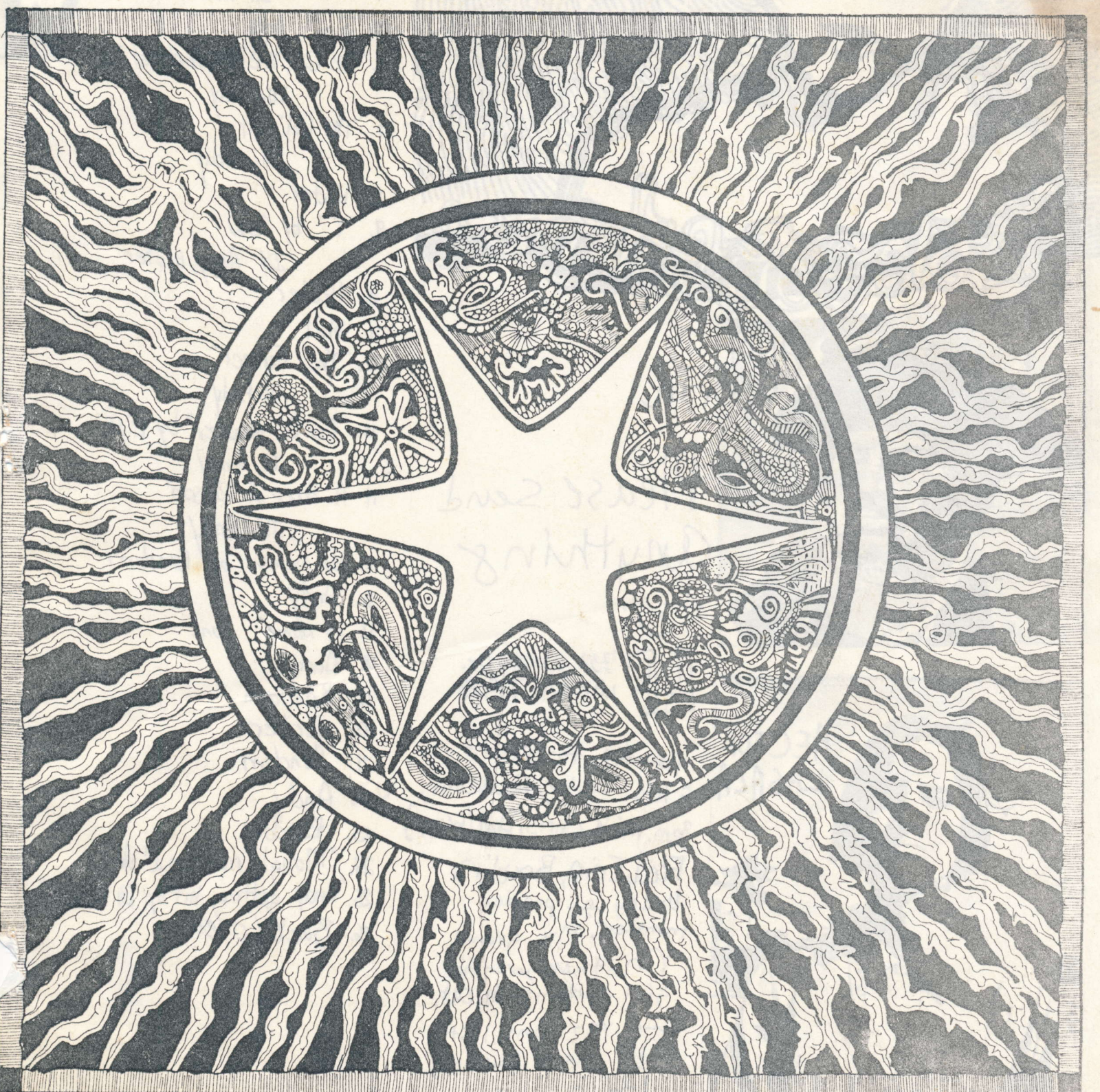
ISSUE NO. 1 FEB.

LP PEZAIRPLANES



Andy

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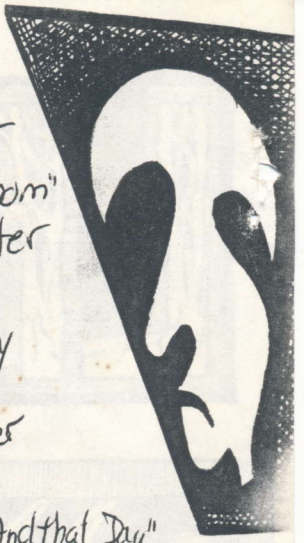

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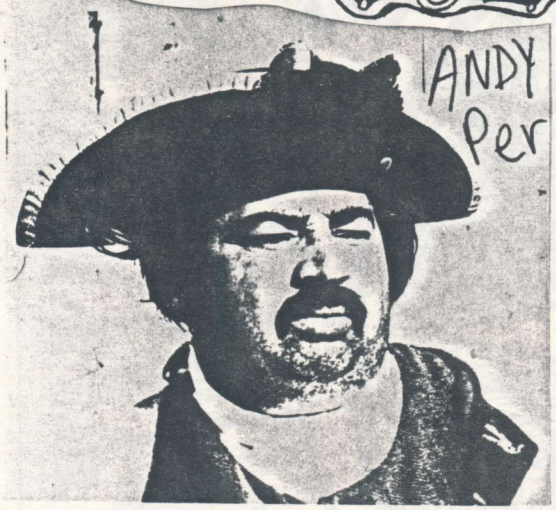


ANDY Perrin

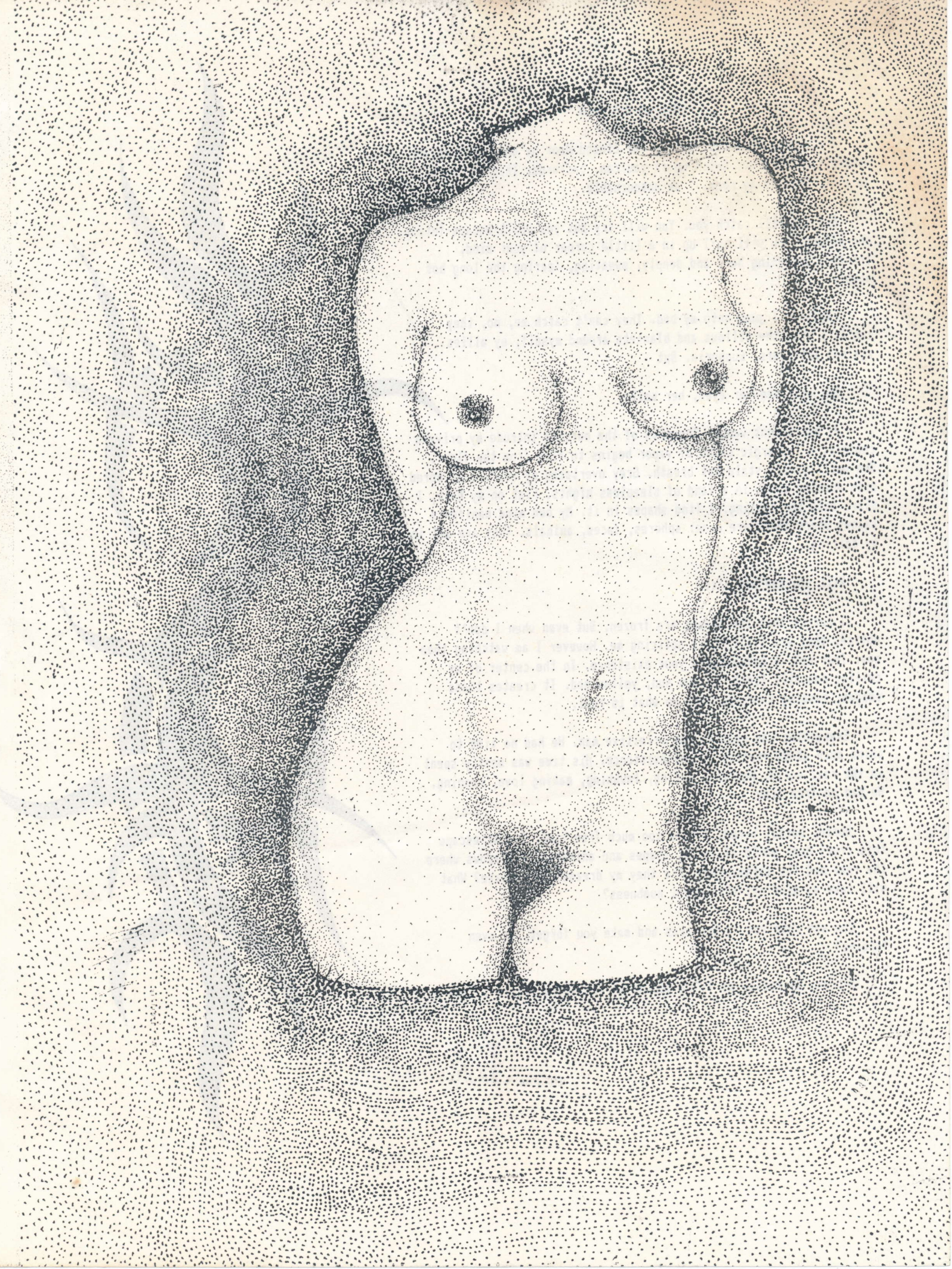
HECTOR LASALA

Please send anything to:

LP 737 alonda Dr. LAF. LA. 70503

Thanks to: scott & his sister, Random, ?em, Micks, Chris, Dad (for supp.) Fred, Erin, Boudin, buddy ☺ - poopoo monster. My grand Mother, jere - his girl problems, My Cat, and my long lost little doggy Lou Lou.

Bye. LP.



Boy in His Room

I can shut them out. Behind the closed door no one can find me; nobody can touch me. Catch me if you can, bastards. This is where I am king. This is my room. I am untouchable.

But she will catch you. You will try but you won't escape-futile the effort. You will curl up in a little corner of your mind, frantic, breathing hard and deeply, sweating, fearing the long hot night.

Excited, I jump onto my bed. They can't catch me, no, they can't. I wrap the pillows and blankets around myself, my allies against intruders. Euphoria. But

You will see her eyes, her smile.

my excitement wanes. Thoughts of the outside intrude my private cubicle. A lethargic cloud of vapor begins to rise from the floor. The walls exhale stale hot breath. Grey overtakes my soul. I am bored with nothing to do in a land of sleepless nights. Flat on my back, I stare into the ceiling. I find shapes in it. My own mind manifests images where there are none: spheres, faces, animals. They are all in my ceiling.

Will you see her face?

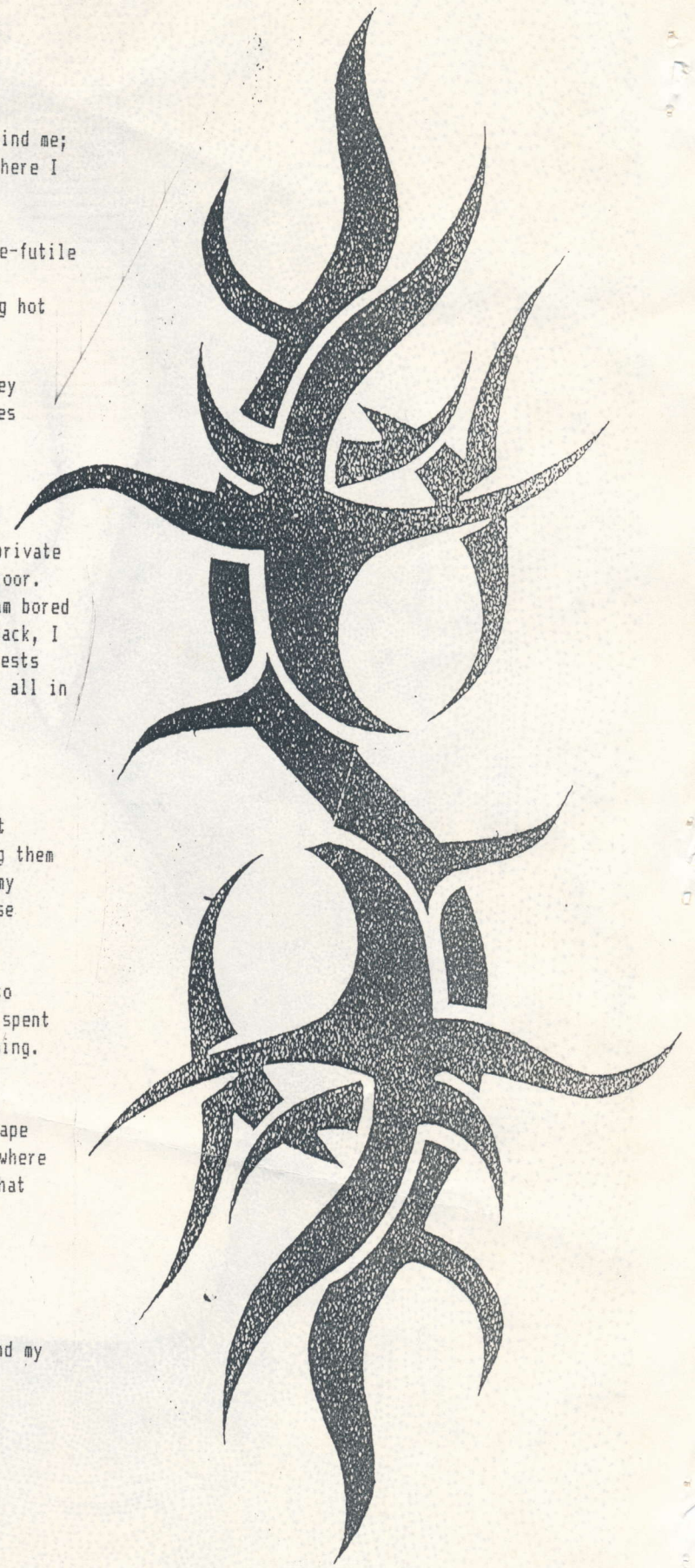
I notice that the shapes are frozen. But even when I don't notice, they are still there noticing me. However I am watching them now: fear not, I acknowledge your existence. In the center of my ceiling emanates light, my own sun, yellow god. It creates these images, casting shadows. Tell me what is real.

Everything was real to the primitive man. He had no time to think much about reality or non-existence. His time was mostly spent in the real world, hunting, eating, laughing, making love, running. He had no free time.

Bored, bored, bored. I have too much free time. I must escape this cruel dumb world of faces, shapes and animals, of shadows where the real and the false blend. Are they my dreams? Am I awake? What will take my mind off this cruel numbness?

Can she take you in her arms and make you forget, or even forgive?

A book, my radio, my TV? I decide to listen to music. I find my



favorite tape, spacey electronic music, synthesized and digitized. Back in bed I make images out of the music, primal dancers spinning in slow motion.

The dance was important. It was something inside of him that he could draw out into the world. He could feel the drum, a hard rhythm that was real.

My eyes are still bored, although my ears are occupied. I turn my attention to the corner where my ceiling and two walls meet. Dimensions XYZ cross the infinite and meet at a point that I call corner. Do I make you important, vital in this cruel dumb world?

Will you seek refuge in the corner of your mind, panting and sweating? You will experience paranoi and euphoria at the same moment. You will fear for your soul; it'll be taken by blue eyes and a smile.

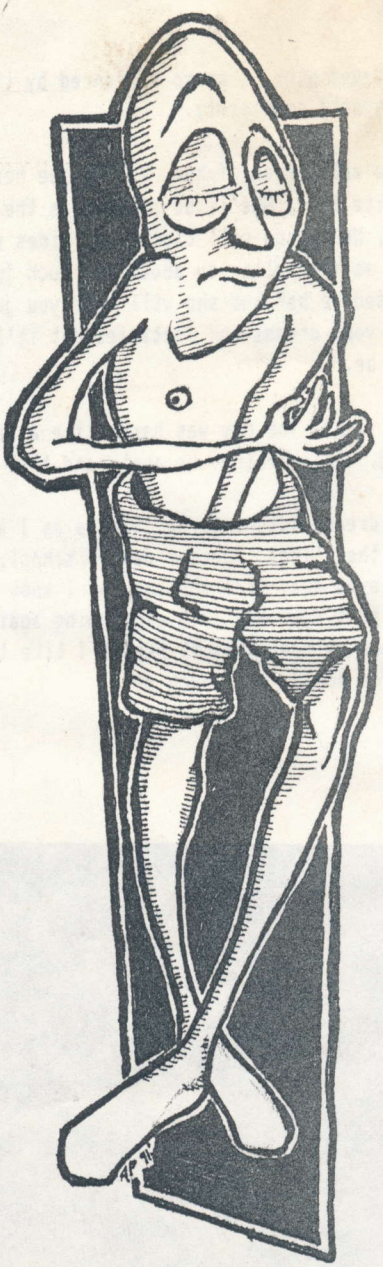
I am still bored, nothing to do. TV is my friend, my flickering light, my cathode campfire.

He beat back the darkness with fire. They sat around the flame, telling stories. All eyes were drawn into the flickering embers. It was a magical attraction, a magic that they had learned to create and control.

I want to lose my soul in your dance of artificial images. Detectives and mistresses play out my secret fantasies.

Every woman you'll see lit by the cathode color pixels will become the woman you'll love. You'll hold her and talk to her. You'll close your eyes and see her in your own world. She'll sit in the desk in front of you. She'll sell you a burger and some fries. She'll walk silently past you on the street. Sometimes, she'll tell you that she loves you. She'll hold you too. And she'll always smile with sky blue eyes.

He walked across the mid-afternoon field. He should be helping with the hunt, but he wanted time to think about the next morning. He needed to prepare himself for the rites of manhood. He lay down on the grass to stare at the beautiful blue sky. He wished he could hold it. The sun was almost directly above, bright, so bright that he could not look at it. It was too big, too real. It was there everyday. Even when he didn't think about it, it beat on his bare shoulders. He did not create the sun like he created fire. That is why the sun hurt so much. That is why he hurt so much for tomorrow he must face the reality of becoming a man.

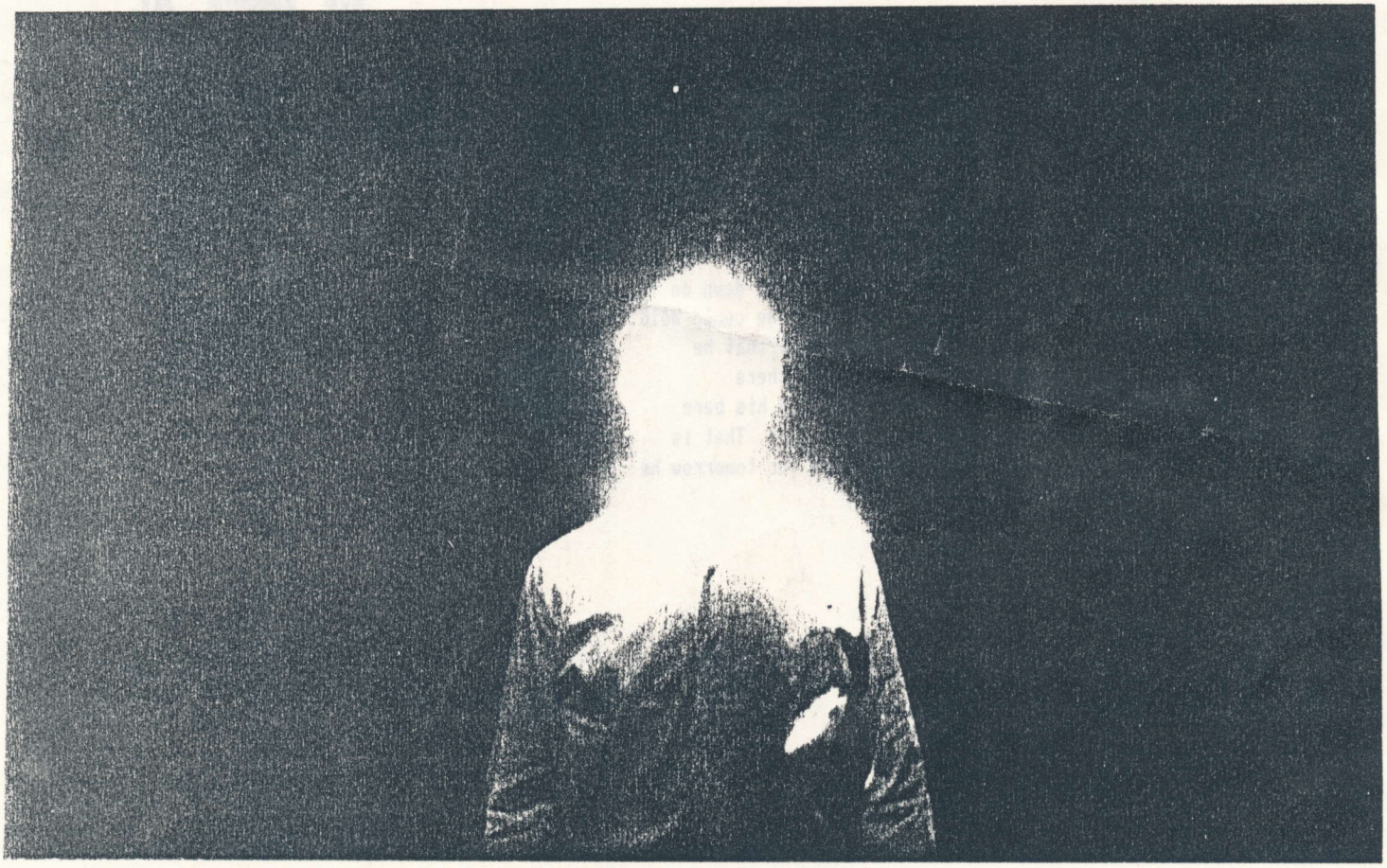


My eyes blur. I am so entranced by the colored lights that I am within myself completely.

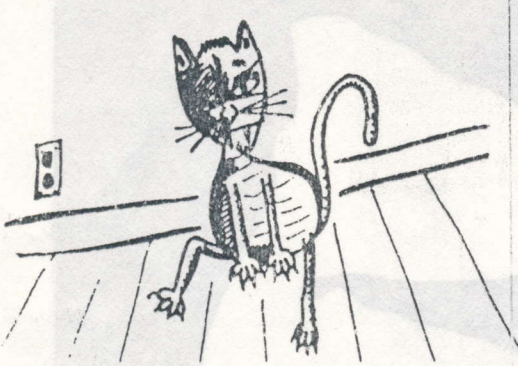
You will dream of her. You'll see her wearing that dress and that white lace. She'll be sitting an the table with her legs crossed. Her hands will clutch the sides of the table and she'll lean forward as she tells you about how much fun she had that weeekend. You'll seduce her but she will hold you just with her eyes. She will possess your dreams and fantasies but it'll never be what you think it will be.

He slept. The day was hard, like always so he had no trouble sleeping. That morning, he awoke and that afternoon, he was a man.

My dream fades into brightness as I awake to the sun seeping through the blinds. Another day of school, another day of life. I turn my eyes away from the sun but I know that soon I will step through that door and face everything again. It's all out there and so big and so real that it hurts. I like the artificial, where nothing or nobody can touch me.



A CAT THE PISS & THAT DAY



It was three in the afternoon and she was hot for it. We had gotten past the stage when I would knock on either of the two downstairs doors that led up to her sectioned off attic apartment. I'd just check the mail before I went up. That day she got two letters and her roommate got one. Plus a couple of catalogs. I tossed the catalogs in the downstairs garbage and then opened up the second door. The one that actually opened up to her stairway; the one that actually led up to her. As per usual, Ted the neutered cat made an escape try. Useless. Useless, my boy. For I am QUICK and I have OPPOSABLE thumbs. I CONTROL the DOORS and you simply can't get any more POWERFUL than that. He meowed his displeasure. But it was the sad resigned meow. The one that had just a touch of surliness. The one that said "I guess you're maybe right on THAT score Paul ole buddy, but if I had MY claws and if I had MY balls then YOU would have yourself one HELL of a handful right now." But we took them away Ted, we took them away. Or rather SHE did. The first night that I spent at her place was the first night that Ted had no balls. He just moped around pretty bad on that day. And while she was in the shower getting ready for bed I held him in my lap and said "Ted, man to man here, if you'd lived with me I wouldn't have given a shit WHAT you tore up or how you howled, you just don't cut a guy's BALLS OFF. And Ted purred at that. He liked me for that. And , I suppose, because he liked me Ted told me, I swear HE TOLD ME "Watch her Paul, you're a feisty Irish brawler, you've got the TEMPER and you've GOT THE BALLS. But SHE has the bright white smile and she has THE PUSSY and we both know who wins this particular bout, don't we boy." And so I told HIM that that was the very best thing about being in love. The loss of control, the misdirection of vertigo combined with the belief that together, the two of you can ride out the tornado. And Ted laughed and said, "Yeah sure Paul, that and pussy, that and pussy." Far be it from me to argue with a cat. And Ted had been right about that score. All through the relationship she'd had me by the balls, leading me around with The Big Dork Grin. She gave herself rarely. And she never gave herself completely. She never took what she wanted, she only gave in to what I wanted. I suppose that's why I wasn't ready for it that day. Because when I reached the top of the stairs she was on me, rubbing herself against me and pushing her tounge in my ear. It felt good. But by chance and as luck would have it I was simply not aroused. I suppose because I had so fixated myself that the two of us were going to go out for a change. See our friends. Ours had been a public, yet still reclusive relationship. We went out but rarely intermixed with other individuals. So I was looking forward to this, a night of pinball and laughter and friendship and who the fuck knows what. I wasn't ready for her arousal at all. I, who desired and nearly NEEDED sex nightly was pushed into the comic role of the frigid one. I remember thinking that even then. But she had SUCH strength, SUCH STRENGTH that day and so we wound up on the couch. Tounges entwined I pushed her skirt up past her waist and then forced her panties a little way down so that I had easy access to her cunt. It was sopping, sticky. Much warmer and wet than most of our heaviest sessions had ever made it. But I myself was still not aroused. I felt mechanical, merely a finger and a warm body for her enjoyment. With one leg tossed across me she continually, rythmically pressed herself against me as my finger rubbed against her clitoris. I felt odd. It was by far the most intimate contact that we had ever made outside of our bedrooms. Outside of good solid closed doors. She bagan to moan as my fingers worked against her. Occasionally inside of her. Her breath in my ear, the feel of her wet warmth and most of all HER MOANS began to arouse me. I became STIFF. Very much aroused. And then she came. A good spend, long and hard as I cupped her vagina with my hand and held on to her convulsing body. Slowly, moaning in my ear, she began to come down,

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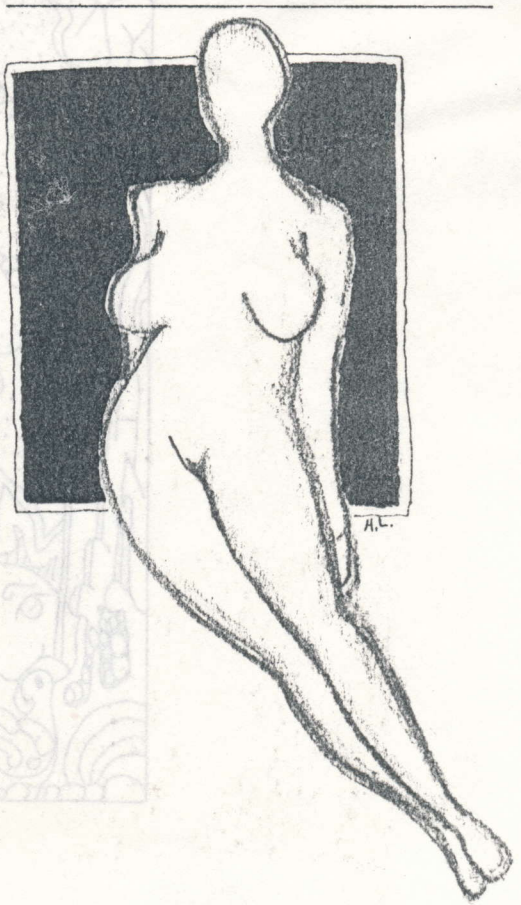
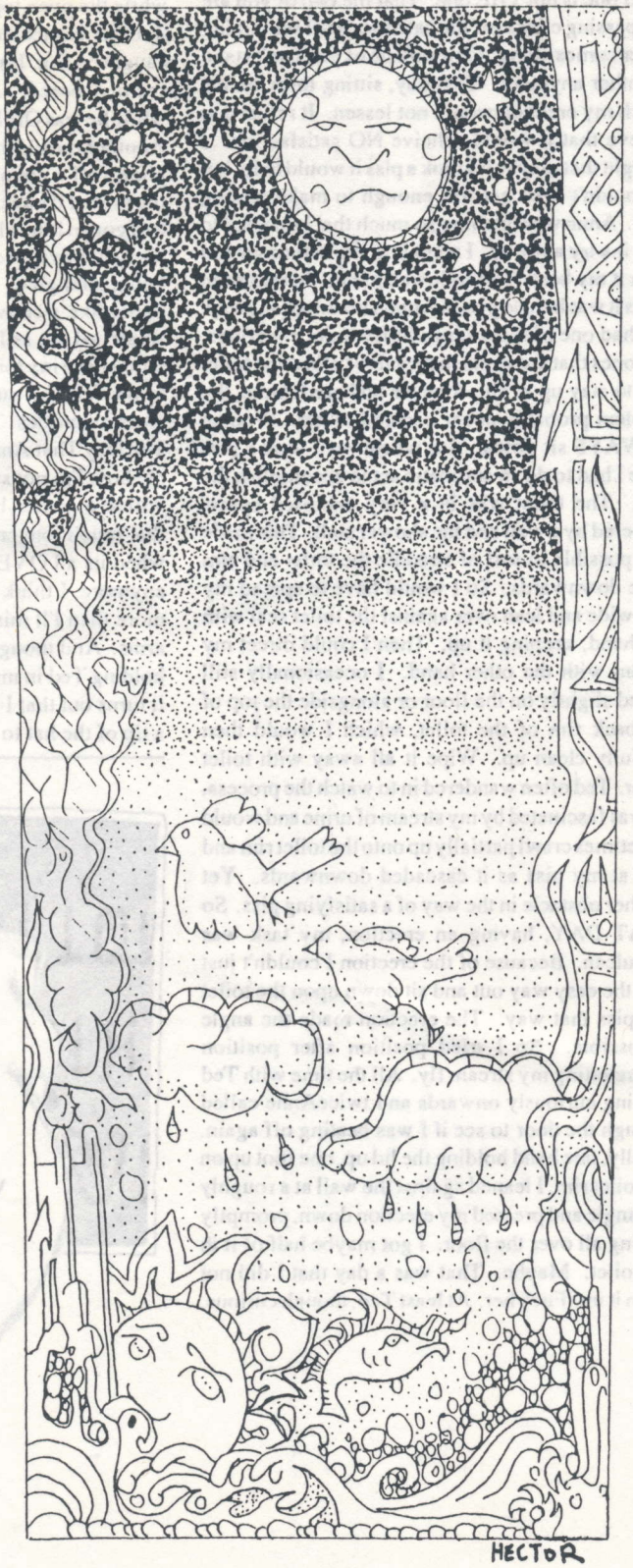
Paul Tobin is creator and writer of Fringe Comics

Andy Perrin 92'

completely spent. I was kissing her lightly about her face. Eyes. Nose. Mouth. Forehead. Light kisses. I wanted very much to fuck her, to take her legs over my shoulder and pound at her warmth. I very much needed the feel of her flesh. As I began to take her panties down she moved my hands sharply away. "God!," she said, "We don't have TIME for THAT. You always want so GODDAMN much sex. Tonight I want to go out. I want to see my FRIENDS for a change. Then she went into hte bathroom. Cleaned herself up. She was in there maybe, at most, two minutes. Barely time to wipe herself clean. Maybe take a piss. I was slightly disgusted by it. There was no way that I could go out in public after an orgasm without a complete shower and wash. She hadn't even changed her panties. She suprised me when whe came out. I had been EXPECTING her to shower and since SHE had done nothing for my penis I had decided to masturbate and was lazily doing so on the couch while Ted watched. Don't let nobody tell you that cats can't laugh just like people do. They just don't laugh OUT LOUDlike we do. Sometimes that's worse. Everything a cat does is insidious and you can multiply that for the ones we cut the balls off of. Because of Ted, I could not come. I felt too guilty about sneaking a masturbation session and I felt wierd about the cat watching. PLUS I felt STUPID about feeling wierd and guilty because of A CAT. Ted had a thing about my crotch anyway. Often, as Anne and I reclined together, Ted would come and rest across my crotch. Continually moving around to find a more comfortable position. Purring hard enough so that I could feel the vibrations. And because Anne and I were often lightly fondling each other on the couch I would often have an erection during theseperiods when Ted was perched upon me. I suppose that's why he liked the spot, because of its warmth. And I suppose that's also why he kept having to move around to stay comfortable; because I, or rather MY PENIS, was moving around beneath him. My penis and Ted the cat shifting, rolling, fighting for the very best position. It was disconcerting, but comic enough to make it okay. But on THAT particular day Anne came out of the bathroom earlier than I thought she would and caught mewith my dick in my hand. I HOPED that she would sense my need and suck me at the very least. Part of me even hoped that she would be DISGUSTED so that I could start an argument. I could picture myself yelling, "Oh yeah!? Well I wouldn't HAVE to whack off so much if you wereONE TENTH of the woman you PRETEND to be in the STREETS!" But she wouldn't even give me THAT satisfaction. She just seemed mildly annoyed. And mildly amused. She told me that if I needed to masturbate then I should do it in her room so her roommate wouldn't come home and catch me. Plus that way I wouldn't get semen on the couch. She mentioned she'd appreciate if I'd come quickly so that we could get to the bar, George's, all that much quicker. Disgusted by the whole situation I just tucked it back into my pants and waited for it to subside. Romance at its best. It was one of those times in a relationship where you know that THIS one is not THE one. That the two of you are just passing clicks off the calendar until something better comes along. Or until one of you can't stand the other anymore. That day, sitting there on the couch my erection would not lessen. It refused to believe that it would acheive NO satisfaction. I thought that maybe if I took a piss it would help, but it wouldn't even get soft enough to make pissing easy. Anne was bitching so much that I decided to give it a try anyway. I went into the bathroom and gave it my best. Ted followed me in. In optimum times it was hard to piss in Anne's bedroom anyway. She had one of those oh so fluffy toilet coverings. The ones that are so plush they don't allow the toilet seat to stay up at all. It never bothered Anne, the problem probably never occured to her. Women ALWAYS sit down. But whenever I took a piss there I had to do an acrobatic act to accomplish the task. The toilet was in a very enclosed space, bordered by a wall and the shower stall. This made it impossible to sort of straddle the toilet and aim more downwards. So I would have to spread my legs wide and lean over against the toilet seat with one hand, keeping it up. Then I could direct my stream with the other hand. I occasionally still pissed slightly on the floor or alongside the top of the back rim of the toilet, which I would then dutifully clean up. Wipe it all away with toilet paper. Ted often wandered in to watch the process. He was fascinated by my stream of urine and would sometimes crawl partially up onto the toilet rim and paw at my piss as it cascaded downwards. Yet another obstacle in the way of a satisfying piss. So THAT DAY, having an erection, my task was hurculean. Because of the erection I couldn't just take the easy way out and sit down upon the toilet and piss that way. The erection made the angle impossible. So I tried position after position beforeletting my stream fly. All the time with Ted looking curiously onwards and twiceAnne called through the door to see if I was beating off again. Finally, one hand holding the lid up, one foot up on the toilet rim, I leaned against the wall at a roughly 45° angle and pressed my erection down, promptly pissing all over the floor. I got maybe half of it in the toilet. Maybe. That was a day that I did not clean it up. Fuck her. At least Ted, though curious, had stayed away from me as I struggled, which I thanked him for. It was actually, even then, kind of comical. Looking down past my balls I could see Ted looking up upon my ministrations with an incredulous look. When I finally got it zippered back up I picked up Ted and thought that THIS cat was the ONLY cat I had ever really card that much for. The only cat that provided memories. Like when Ted waltzed across the top of Anne's stove while the oven top heating coils were on full. But Ted the Nonchalant Cat strolled right across and caught on fire. Immediately after we put him out he seemed bored. Hell, he seemed BORED even while he was ON FIRE. You just couldn't faze him. Another time he had knocked both himself and the phone off a counter top simultaneously. Hearing the noise I'd gone into the kitchen and saw that Ted had gotten himself tangled in the cord as he had fell. He had it wrapped around his neck and was slowly being strangled. Swaying in front of the counter doors like a convicted western horse rustler. He scratched me as I freed him, hard enough to draw blood from my forearm. Independence is important to the feline, I suppose. That cat gave me many clear memories. Holding him in the bathroom on The Day That Anne Was Hot For It I told him "Ted ole boy, I'm not sure how much longer Anne and I will be together, but I just can't believe it will be all that much longer. I just want YOU to know that when its all OVER, and I don't come around here anymore, I think that maybe I'll be missing YOU more than I'll miss HER." And Ted purred in my arms. And though I was joking then as I said that, holding Ted in my arms as he smiled his cat smile, it turns out that I was right. So this story has been a tip of the hat to Ted, the cat that knew the score.




HECTOR

when all my fears collide
my blood runs dense inside
in hope to stain my hides
and forget all i've cried

it's not this world i hate
that helps me speculate
knowing Pandora died
just makes it justified

i have known this state
it is of mind and i fear it
as i near it
i cannot trust in fate
it is a lie and i am lost
as truth's cost

this ivory dirk i hold
is just as sharp as old
an elephant of gold
was carved within and sold

it speculates my wrists
but then it slowly twists
up to my throat to rate
the time in pain i'll wait

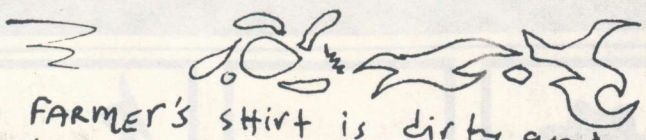
how many times i've tried
have simply multiplied
by every night i've lied
in wait of suicide

i have known this state
it is of fear and i find it
as i mind it
God does not dominate
it is a mere fools allusion
and delusion

i find that as of late
i cannot contemplate
that there's no true estate
when i depart this state

and as i clench my fists
the dagger slowly slits
beneath a crimson flood
its sin is washed in blood

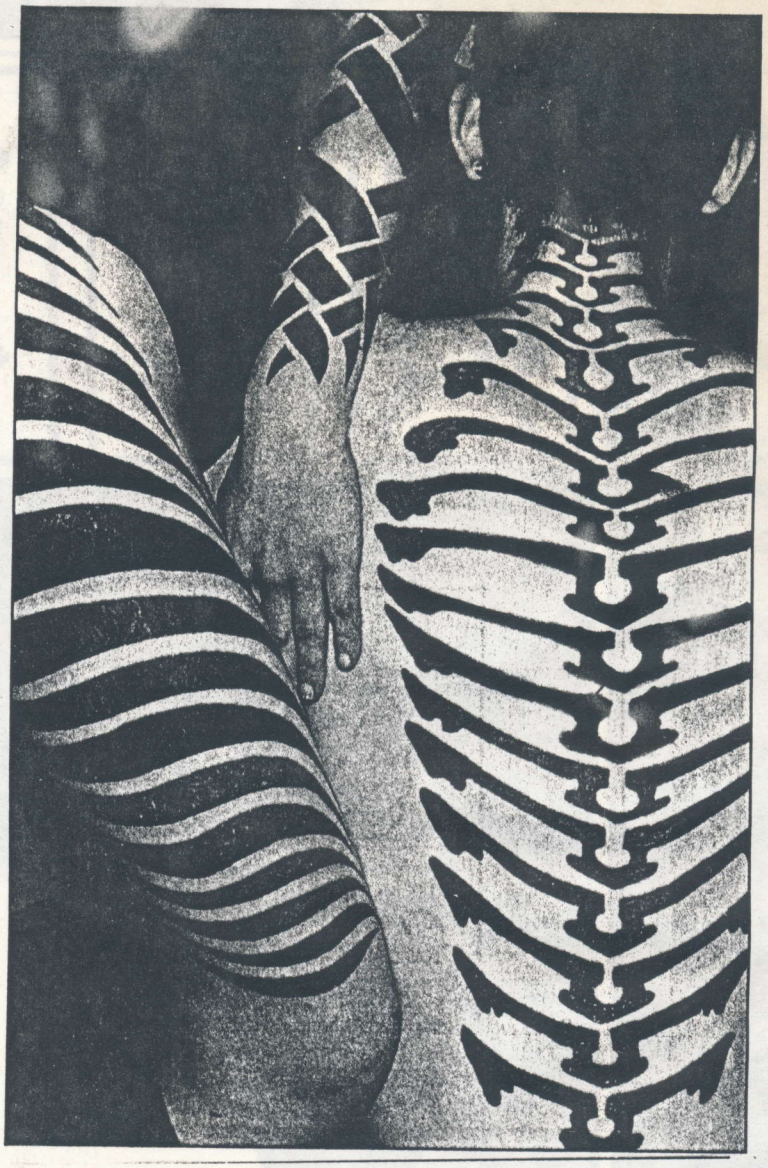
by. ?ew



THE FARMER'S shirt is dirty and stinky but he just does NOT EVEN Give A Worry. He must be hard. Yes he is hard inside and it shows. people notice this and they run from the farmer. The farmer wonders if he appears not so hard then maybe people might not run from him. So he washed his shirt and went to a public gathering hopeing that none of the people will run. They didn't. They liked him and even talked to him. He became friends with the people and they thought he was soft BUT he was still hard inside.

o((10th grade))o
(whore with a 32 year old fuck.((o

WASH yourself and maybe someone will like you



5

Life as a Priest

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34 MOUNT MERRION AVENUE, BLACKROCK,
CO. DUBLIN Tel 010 353 1 2881343

MSC Missionaries of the Sacred Heart

The sun shining on my face seemed intensified by the windshield. James Brown was singing SHAKE YOUR THANG! on the radio but all I felt was tired from the heat on my skin. I felt a yawn coming so I leaned my head way back, shut my eyes tight, and let out a silent roar--pretending to be a lion. Summer did not look over from her driving. She never noticed my peculiar rituals. Actually, I think she just wouldn't give me the satisfaction of acknowledging my individuality.

Virginia was in the back seat rambling about who's cool and guess how old I am in her whiskey, butch dyke, Camel Straight voice. Virginia was a retail slut who ran an insanely small vintage clothing store. She used to be a whore. That was after she dropped out of college and her sorority. Occasionally, as we would wander around downtown Iowa City on hot afternoons, she'd point out former tricks that had paid her to wear a turkey baster and twine as a strap on dildo, or a farmer who offered her fifty bucks if he could watch someone pierce her nipples. Virginia thinks I am cool because I can handle her ex-lover, Summer, but has commented more than once on her disappointment to hear from reliable sources that I'm a promiscuous bisexual.

The first time Summer and me were seeing each other we lived in houses that were side by side on Linn Street. From my second floor apartment I could see right in to her shower and kitchen. I liked this and could sometimes see her lounging naked on Sundays drinking coffee, smoking, and sunning her wide ass in front of ivy covered windows. Then I got a job at the same place she worked. She would show up hung over, with the crotch of her pants sagging down between her knees. The customers always called her sir even though she has very large breasts. The first day we went to lunch together she told me that she hated Iowa City dykes because they are all psychos or flakes. I secretly took this as a personal challenge. Another time she told me about her Sunday sunnings. I pretended to be surprised and intrigued. I flirted a little and said I would check for her on the coming Sunday through my windows. Finally, I made her dinner. We got drunk--me on chianti and Summer on Beck's--and fucked. She expressed shock, but I felt that it was an inevitable event. Her tough veneer was cute and sexy, but the fear I sensed behind it was annoying and stagnating. After a couple weeks of fucking and hanging out together I got sick of her life and wanted to retreat. We drifted apart.

We stopped at a gas station somewhere along Interstate 80 because I

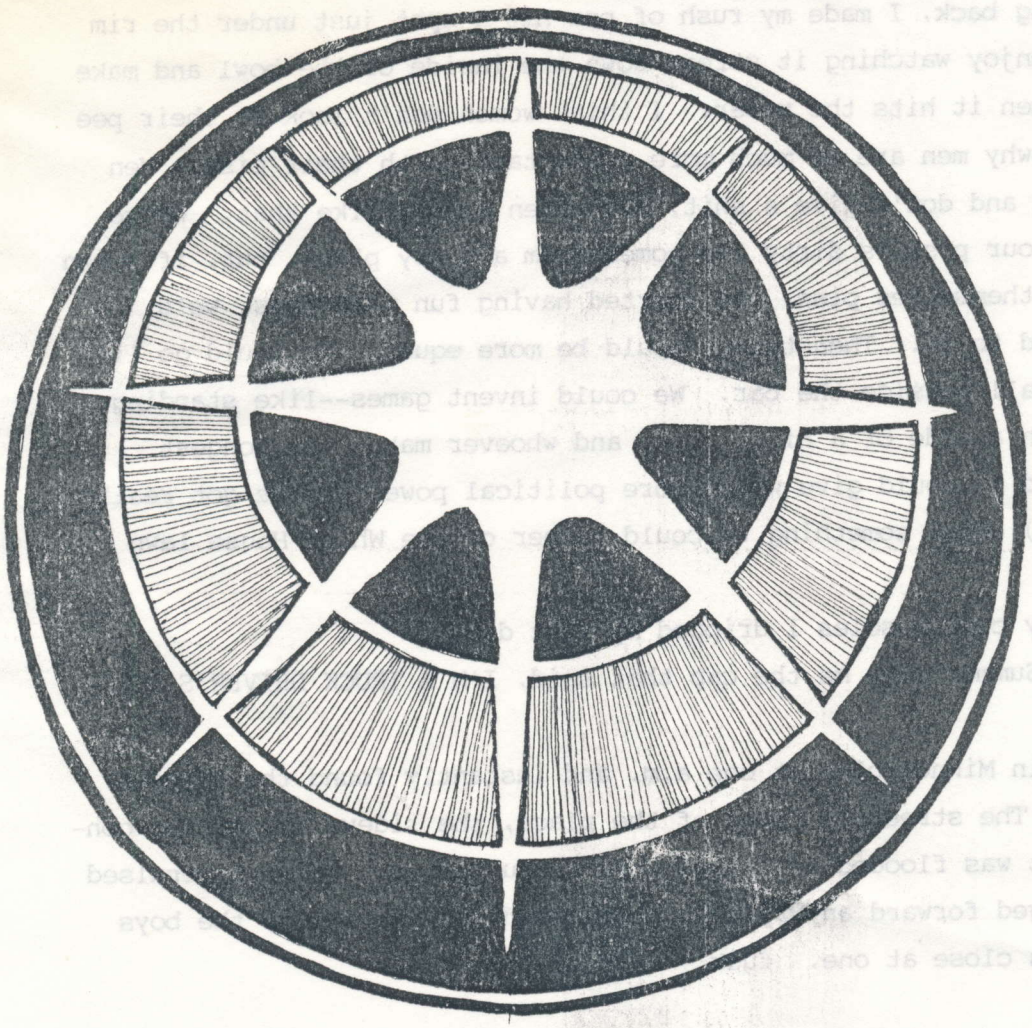
needed to piss bad. When I ran and pushed hard on the door that said, COWGIRL it wouldn't open. CAN I GET THE KEY TO THE BATHROOM? I asked the attendant inside the station. He heaved the key with a car tire conveniently attached over the counter. Summer and Virginia were looking at hats that said, I LOVE COUNTRY MUSIC and I'M A TRUCK DRIVER'S GIRLFRIEND. The tire had, COWGIRL painted on the side in big white letters. The people in the parking lot turned and stared while I rolled it out to the bathroom. I took one of me dirty hands and placed all of it into my mouth, removed it, and rubbed my crotch with it. They turned away. Finally I got in! I hiked my dress up over my thighs and sat down. Leaning back, I made my rush of pee hit a spot just under the rim of the seat. I enjoy watching it stream down the inside of the bowl and make little bubbles when it hits the water. I think women don't look at their pee enough. This is why men are so much more comfortable with their piss. Men can piss anywhere and don't give a shit, but women aren't like that. We've been taught that our piss is dirty and comes from a dirty place, but, if women started watching themselves piss, and started having fun with piss, we'd start getting used to it. Then things could be more equal. We could go lift a leg against a wall outside the bar. We could invent games--like standing a line of women on a side of a hill, piss, and whoever makes the longest rivulet wins. And it could give women more political power--if we got really pissed off (sorry) about something we could gather on the White House lawn and let go.

Squeezing my cunt muscles I dripped my last drop.

In the car Summer gave me the cap that said, I'M A TRUCK DRIVER'S GIRLFRIEND.

We arrived in Minneapolis at one a.m. and instantly found the hippest fag bar in town. The street in front of the place, the sidewalk, and the connected parking lot was flooded with fags when we pulled up. We were repulsed initially but forged forward anyway. We soon found out why all of the boys were outside--bars close at one. fuck

Summer and me first met in Sunday school. We both grew up going to St. Andrew's Presbyterian church--in fact, Summer's father is a minister. He would often give the children's sermon. All of the kids would go up to the front, near the altar, and gather around him like Jesus. Then he would tell us a cute story about sharing and obeying our parents. The adults in the pews would laugh when some little kid would do something funny. One time a retar-



ded boy named Billy shit in his pants during the children's sermon and I yelled out THE TARD CRAPPED IN HIS PANTS AND I CAN SMELL IT! I looked out, but my mother wasn't laughing. Summer and me were confirmed together when we were 13. Official members of god's special club. I left the church after that and did not see Summer again until my sophomore year in college. Soon after meeting again she told me that her daddy--the god-fearing, child guiding minister--molested her every Sunday when they would get home from church.

The only place that was cheap enough for us to stay in was the Gopher Hotel. Our room was a dive with two double beds, a t.v., and a bible. Immediately the bible--donated by the Giddeon church--was stuffed into my bag. I feel very good and evil stealing bibles.

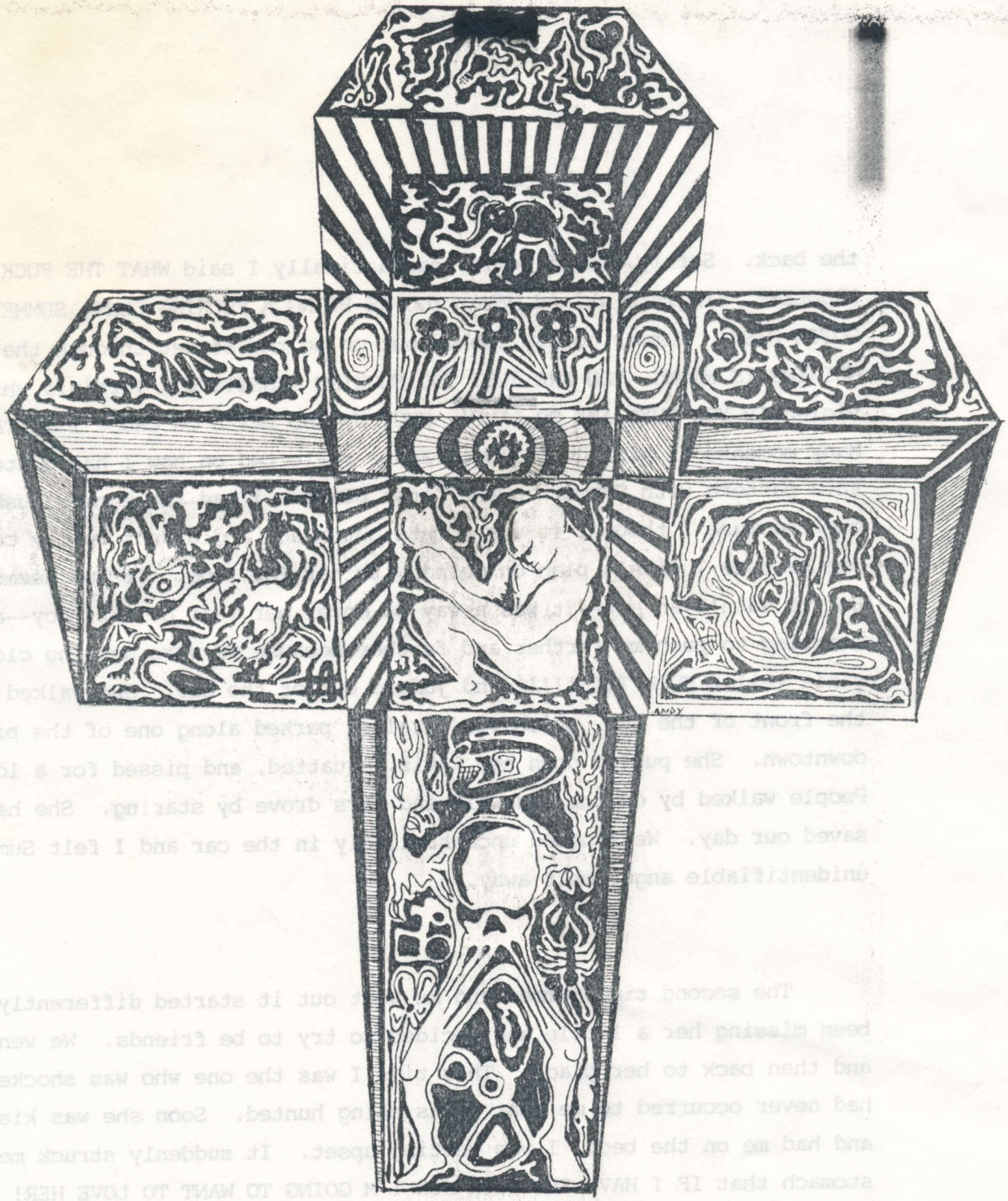
Virginia quickly collapsed into bed and we pretended to sleep until we were sure she was deeply under. We always started this way--hands all over each other, waiting for the other to make a more serious move. I made the move and put my nose, lips and chin between the lips of her cunt. She was sweet tonight. Pretty soon the polyester bedspread slid off our bodies and we looked like the sluts we dreamed of being in the light from the neon sign outside. I ate her hand up all the way inside of me without even a moan. Summer kept making the tit clamps tighter and tighter around my nipple piercings. She wants me to scream. She wants to show the world--and especially Virginia (who she is still in love with)--that she is in control. Sorry, BITCH, but I am too strong. She thinks she can hurt me because she is in control of our relationship, but it is really only because I get off on pain. She thinks she is stronger than me but can't be because she is blind to half the truth.

I woke up early the next morning and tried to be quiet while Summer and Virginia finished sleeping. When they finally got up around eleven they guzzled a few quarts of coffee, hacked up yesterday's cigarette harshness, and smoked a pack of Camels. This is their usual morning bonding ritual which always makes me feel a little left out and prudish. The day was dull and my mood was foul. We hit a few vintage clothing stores, alternative music stores, and a hip coffee shop before five. Summer was pushing and ignoring me more than usual. Cold and bossy. Usually I found this an endearing quality. I always pushed gently back and made it a game between us--you know, two hot bitches who act tough and fuck--but it was becoming less endearing and more annoying and hurtful. We were on the verge of a big fight. Sitting in the car, downtown, Summer and me started getting in to it while Virginia sat in

the back. Softly, but I admit, sarcastically I said WHAT THE FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM? Virginia whined HEY! YOU'RE BEING A FUCKING CUNT, SUMMER, AND I GOTTA PISS! Summer coldly looked out on to the street through the windshield. NOTHING IS WRONG--YOU ARE JUST TOO FUCKING SENSITIVE. Virginia whined more violently YOU GUYS ARE SO LAME! SHUT UP AND LET'S GO CAUSE I GOTTA PISS!!! Many moments of silence followed and I reflected on how I had gotten into this pattern with Summer in the first place. I had let Summer push me too much because I thought it was a cute butch act and didn't really care if she s ped because I didn't plan on being with her for long. It had seemed harmless. But it wasn't an act--it was a way to cover her fear of intimacy--and she was starting to push me farther and farther because we were getting closer. Virginia yelled FUCK THIS!!!!! and jumped out of the car. She walked around to the front of the car, which was parallel parked along one of the big streets downtown. She pulled down her Levis, squatted, and pissed for a long time. People walked by on the sidewalk and cars drove by staring. She had just saved our day. We laughed uncontrollably in the car and I felt Summer's unidentifiable anger melt away.

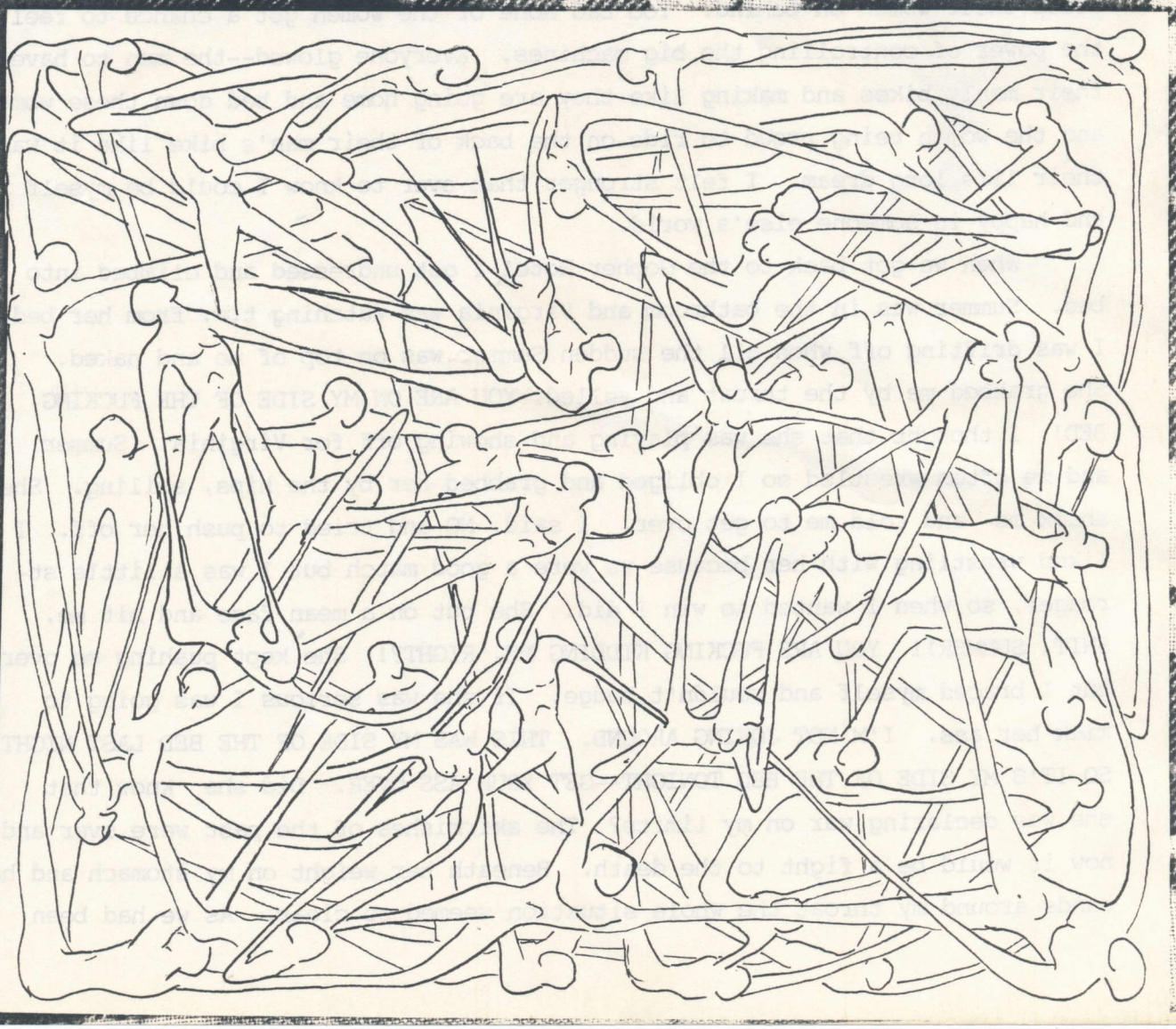
The second time Summer and me went out it started differently. I had been missing her a little and decided to try to be friends. We went dancing and then back to her place. This time I was the one who was shocked. It had never occurred to me that I was being hunted. Soon she was kissing me and had me on the bed. I was getting upset. It suddenly struck me in my stomach that IF I HAVE SEX WITH HER I'M GOING TO WANT TO LOVE HER! I didn't want to love or need love and I knew she--on the outside-- felt the same way. I demonstrated the ultimate strength and weakness by crying, explaining why, and then leaving. I deeply felt that THIS IS THE END OF IT.

The next day, though, when I opened my bookstore there was a gesture of sensitivity and caring on my desk--a card with the picture of beautiful Rubens painting on the front. A painting of the kind of woman I like in the nude. As far as anyone knows, Summer had never done such a sentimental and thoughtful thing for a chick before. It said she was sorry for pushing me and that she didn't want to hurt or lose me. I thought MAYBE THIS IS THE ONE


ANDY

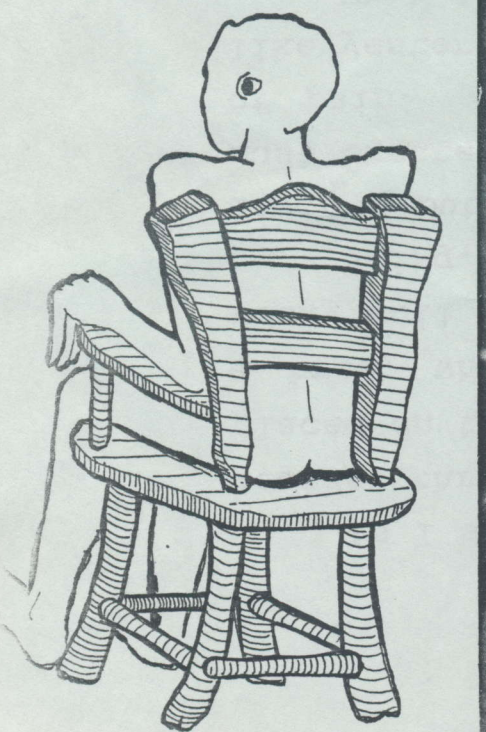
Even though Virginia forced our feelings back together, I kept my distance from Summer. We went back to the hotel around eight and rested--preparing to go out and hit the bars. Things seemed better and I was feeling in control again. We went to a biker bar called Whiskey Junction. There were about 200 Harley Davidsons lined up outside and a hot bit of lightening went through my head. The big, friendly bar was packed with large and small bikers and their old ladies. We were the only dykes there, but we looked tough and felt right at home. There was a good band with a horn section and people were dancing. Summer bought me a vodka gimlet and her and Virginia drank bottles of beer. She looked sexy in her tight ripped jeans, Doc Marten boots, plaid shirt, leather suspenders, and motorcycle jacket. And to top it off was that mop of short curly blond hair. The night slithered around and around our ankles and pulled us under. She was sexy and mine! I was turned on by the whole scene and so was she. We both had a thing for coming on in straight scenes. Not obviously--just enough to make people watch us together and wonder. We felt bad and grinned slyly at each other for hours. I felt her hand move to my ass. Things could be very good between us. When the bar closed we stood outside and watched all of the bikers start their Harleys and strap their women on behind. Too bad none of the women got a chance to feel the power of controlling the big machines. Everyone glowed--the men to have their manly bikes and making like they are going home and bed down these women, and the women being proud to ride on the back of their man's bike like it was their life long dream. I felt stronger than ever to know I could be myself and happy in someone else's world.

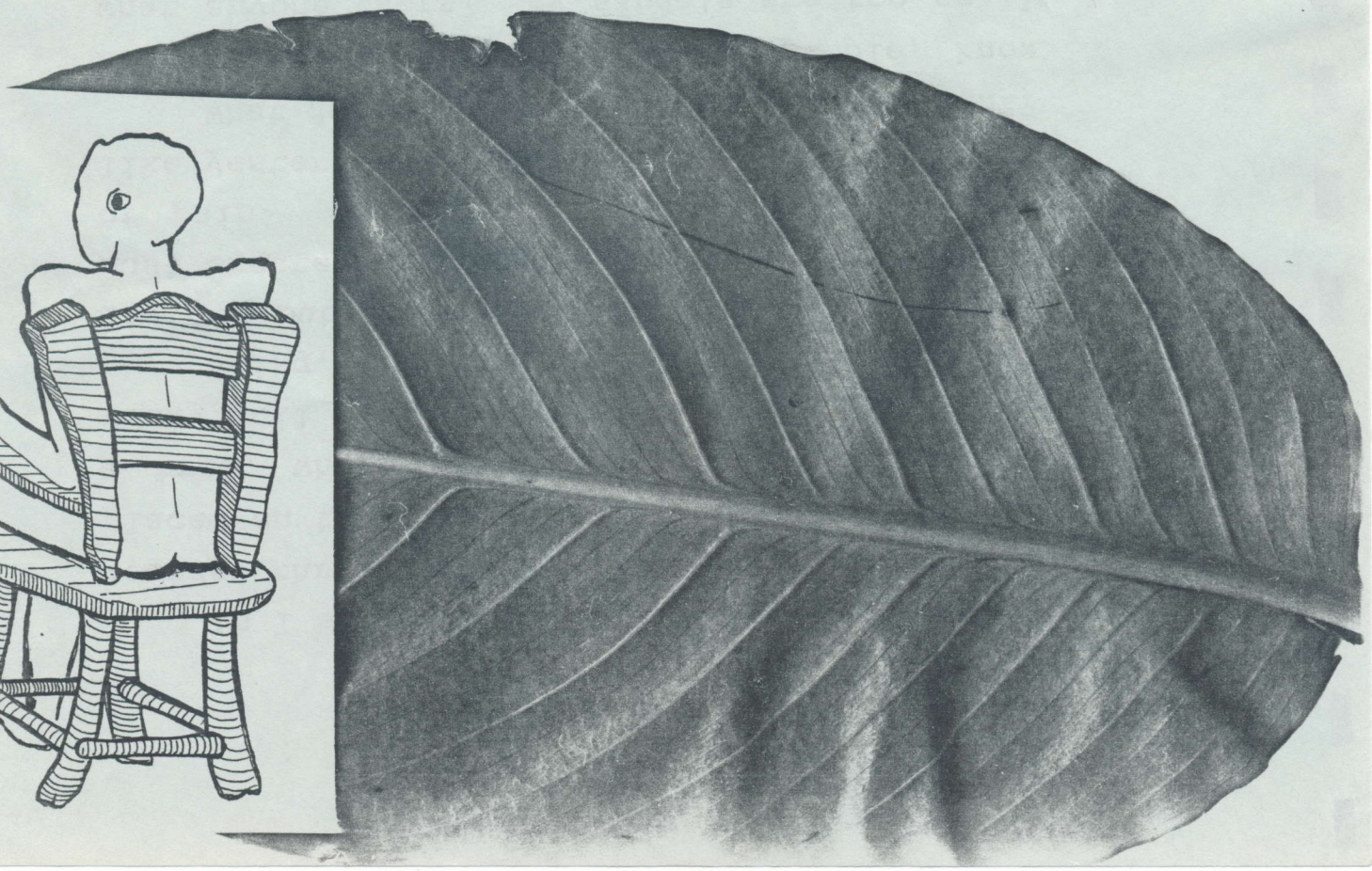
When we got back to the Gopher Hotel I got undressed and climbed into bed. Summer was in the bathroom and Virginia was watching t.v. from her bed. I was drifting off when all the sudden Summer was on top of me and naked. She grabbed me by the throat and yelled, YOU ARE ON MY SIDE OF THE FUCKING BED! I thought that she was playing and showing off for Virginia. Summer and me often wrestled so I obliged and grabbed her by the hips, smiling. She shook me and told me to get over. I said, NO and tried to push her off. I liked wrestling with her because we were a good match but I was a little stronger, so when I wanted to win I did. She put on a mean face and hit me. SHIT, SUMMER!! YOU ARE FUCKING KIDDING ME, RIGHT?! She kept pushing me over but I braced myself and wouldn't budge. If she was serious I was going to kick her ass. I'M NOT JOKING AROUND. THIS WAS MY SIDE OF THE BED LAST NIGHT, SO IT'S MY SIDE OF THE BED TONIGHT--GET YOUR ASS OVER. Did she know that she was declaring war on my limits? The skirmishes of the past were over and now it would be a fight to the death. Beneath her weight on my stomach and her hands around my throat the whole situation seemed so clear. As we had been



After dinner I took a Shit an ripped my ass hole open. The blood in the shitter reminded me off the subject we studied in class the day before. It was about the ways you can tell if you have cancer or not. One of the ways was if you had blood in your crap. I did so I got scared and I cried for a week until I realized that I just ripped my ass open and from then On hey I'm okay.

poo poo Monster



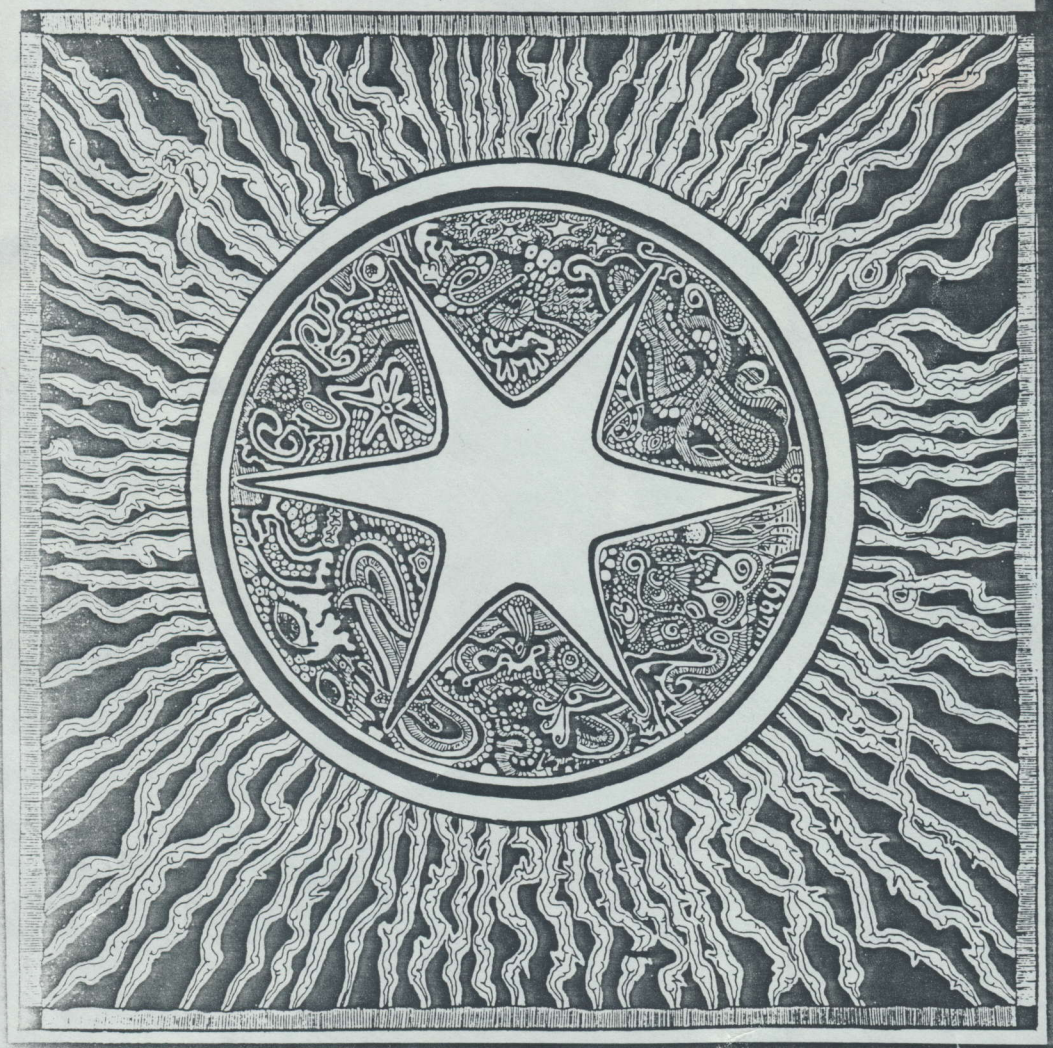


A Haze of Reason

As I sit here in my chair, many thoughts meander through my mind. Too much emphasis is placed on the area between my ears. I am but a tree, whose roots find no person in the rocky soil of society.

Being. To create is the reason for living: but to create what? More life that must create itself in an endless futile cycle of pain. Nature slides through my fingers like yesterday's jellies.

What do you want? What does anyone want? How do we, as a non-contiguous people, know what anyone wants? My sandals are too small for my ego. Eyes see, but the spirit is fettered by the haze of reason.

Anonymous

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